But I bethinke me what a weary way
From Rauenſpurgh to Cotſhall will be found,
In Roſſe and Willoughby wanting your company,
Which I proteſt hath very much beguild,
The tediouſneſſe and proceſſe of my trauell:
But theirs is ſweetned with the hope to haue
The preſent benefit which I poſſeſſe,
And hope to ioy is little leſſe in ioye,
Then hope enioyed: by this the weary Lords
Shall make their way ſeeme ſhort as mine hath done,
By ſight of what I haue, your noble company.
Bull. Of much leſſe value is my company,
Then your good wordes. But who comes here?

Enter Harry Perſie.

North. It is my ſonne young Harry Perſy,
Sent from my brother Worceſter whenceſoeuer.
Harry, how fares your Vnckle? (of you.
H. Per. I had thought my Lord to haue learned his health
North. Why is he not with the Queene?
H. Per. No my good Lord, he hath forſooke the court,
Broken his ſtaffe of office and diſperſt
The houſhold of the King.
North. What was his reaſon, he was not ſo reſolude,
When laſt we ſpake togither?
H Per. Becauſe your Lo: was proclaimed traitor,
But he my Lo: is gone to Rauenſpurgh,
To offer ſeruice to the Duke of Hereford,
And ſent me ouer by Barckly to diſcouer,
What power the Duke of Yorke had leuied there,
Then with directions to repaire to Rauenſpurgh.
North. Haue you forgot the Duke of Herefords boy?
H. Per. No my good Lo: for that is not forgot,
Which nere I did remember, to my knowledge
I neuer in my life did looke on him.
North. Then learne to know him now, this is the Duke.
H. Per. My gratious Lo: I tender you my ſeruice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder daies ſhal ripen and confirme

To more approued ſeruice and deſert.
Bull. I thanke thee gentle Perſy, and be ſure,
I count my ſelfe in nothing elſe ſo happy,
As in a ſoule remembring my good friends,
And as my fortune ripens with thy loue,
It ſhalbe ſtill thy true loues recompence,
My heart this couenant makes, my hand thus ſeales it.
North. How farre is it to Barckly, and what ſtur
Keepes good old Yorke there with his men of war?
H. Per. There ſtands the Caſtle by yon tuft of trees,
Mand with 300. men as I haue heard,
And in it are the Lords of Yorke Barkly and Seymer,
None elſe of name and noble eſtimate.
North. Here come the Lords of Roſſe and Willoughby
Bloudy with ſpurring, fiery red with haſte.
Bull. VVelcome my Lords, I wot your loue purſues,
A baniſht traitor: all my treaſury
Is yet but vnfelt thanks, which more inricht,
Shalbe your loue and labours recompence.
Roſſe Your preſence makes vs rich, moſt noble Lord.
Wil: And far ſurmounts our labour to attaine it.
Bul. Euermore thanke's the exchequer of the poore,
VVhich till my infant fortune comes to yeares,
Stands for my bounty: but who comes here?
North. It is my Lord of Barkly as I gueſſe.
Barkly My Lord of Hereford my meſſage is to you.
Bul. My Lord my anſwere is to Lancaſter,
And I am come to ſeeke that name in England,
And I muſt find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to ought you ſay.
Bar. Miſtake me not my Lord, tis not my meaning,
To race one title of your honor out:
To you my Lo: I come, what Lo: you will,
From the moſt gratious regent of this land
The Duke of Yorke: to know what prickes you on,
To take aduantage of the abſent time,
And fright our native peace with ſelfe borne armes?